

COLLEGE CHEER

-Motto: "We Knock to Boost"

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St. Joe vs. North Shores (Excelsiors) 10—6.

Sunday Nov. 22. dawned clear with a brisk cold breeze from the northwest, as some knowing sage observed, a peach of a day for a football game. St. Joe's eleven practicing signals on the gridiron in the morning was dreaming of an easy victory over the Chicagoans, a repetition of last year's 45—0 score. Even staunch and sturdy old fans took but a listless interest in the coming event, deeming it a sure cinch. But Excelsiors proved to be made of different metal than they were given credit for. Undaunted by past defeats, like true sports they have worked hard with hopes of future glories, and having succeeded in turning out a very efficient fighting machine, they came to Jasper County with a grim determination to do their worst. But St. Joe had not been asleep during all that time either. Although this year's team is made up largely of new men, yet they inherited the prestige and experience of the past, which together with their own pugnacious qualities and Mr. Putts' able coaching, makes them an aggregation to be feared.

The game opened with the ball in the hands of the visitors, and it did not take them long to impress St. Joe with the fact that they meant to keep it there. All through the first half until the Excelsiors' little left end placed the ball behind the goal line, St. Joe was playing a weak game. One hopeful spectator, viewing their halfhearted plunges and inefficient defences, optimistically remarked, "St. Joe is laying low now, but watch them in the last half when Chicago will be all in!" That man's wisdom was profound; he knew what he was talking about. For St. Joe did get serious and the bombarding and the defensive work of our eleven began to look like old-time form in the second half. Jack Annen started things with his spectacular goal kick from forty yard line. Bruin and Hellen with their line plunges and runs managed to force the ball to within a few feet of the goal where Annen again

starred when he secured the ball from McLaughlin's fumble and made a touchdown. Silver's goal kick brought the score to ten in our favor against six in Chicago's, the final score. The battle from that time on was a desperate fight on the part of St. Joe to prevent any more scores, and on the part of the North Shores, it was a death struggle.

Before the whistle finally blew for game, the sun had set and activities had to be continued by the pale light of a first quarter, so that spectators had to trust to their ears to determine by the dull thud of clashing flesh and filling bodies and the groans of the hard hit in whose favor went the battle.

Lineup:

St. Joe:		North Shore:
McCaffrey	l e	McDonald
Bruin	l t	Kruger
Vonder Haar	l g	Nolan—Baily
Annen	c	Peters
McGinn	r g	Shean
Seyfried	r t	Morrison
Breen	r e	Kennedy, Lyons
Silverstein	q b	G. Ryan
McLaughlin	l h b	Fleischer, Green
Hellen	r h b	Fricher
Altenbach	f b	Dickman

St. Joseph's annually witnesses the return of quite a number of her former students for a short visit. The most popular occasion for such visits is Thanksgiving. All who have been away for a few years seem anxious to look over once more their old stamping grounds. Beside those mentioned elsewhere the following complete the list: The Rev. Fathers Ralph Donnelly, James Connelly, Paul Roederer, Leo Faurote, Edmund Ley, Francis Gniba; Messrs. Edward Fuetterer, Paul Noe, Lawrence Cashman

William Murphy visited here a few days last week.

Martin Bustetter dropped in at the college last Saturday for a few days visit. While still not as well as he might be, he hopes that the second session will find him back at St. Joe.

Fred McDonald was one of the numerous college visitors of last week.

William Mecklenburg, a Commercial graduate at St. Joseph's, spend a few days of last week at his alma mater.

Coming!!!

What do you know about it? The contractor said that if the weather continues fair, we will be able to celebrate the opening of the new gymnasium next June. Just a few months — say about six — we will be walking about in our dress suits welcoming visitors and bowing until, by continual bobbing up and down, our backs will resemble a living question mark. Up on the roof of the gym the band will be throwing out paroxysms of melody, while below many will be searching for the lost chord.

In the evening all will go to the auditorium; the orchestra will be throwing out bunches of notes while the juniors keep time on the floor with their feet. At last the curtain goes up. In the midst of a mountain scene the Glee Club will congregate dressed as Swiss Yodelers. Oh woe is me when I think what is going to happen when they begin to yodel. When the Glee Club has delivered its burden and left us writhing in agony, John Bruin will come out and delight us with a little comedy skit entitled "Lima at Night." As soon as the uproarious applause has abated somewhat the manager will step forth and tell why John Gerwert and J. Paul, alias, Pete Fogarty refuse to sing their duet. After he has tendered their apologies Ralph Annen will sing "The Moon Won't Shine Tonight," and we will all agree with him. Everyone will please remember that no bouquets are to be handed over the footlights. This rule will be rigidly enforced in order to protect the actors and the sister's cabbage patch.

During the intermission those who wish may go to the roof garden where refreshments will be served. The juniors and also the seniors who have not yet attained a man's size will please keep away from the railing, for it is a long distance from the roof to the ground that has no ending.

After the programme the students will repair to their respective study halls, where they will be told of the long cross-country ride. The automobiles have already been ordered by our law teacher, and he will himself lead the gorgeous equipage in his "de luxe." Since the trip will take several days, the sisters have already begun to make the sandwiches.

As a fitting climax to all these good things the staff of the "College Cheer," after many debates and a multitude of caustic editorials, at last prevails on the master of studies to drop Greek from the regular curriculum for Wednesday and Saturday of each week—especially during the summer months.

A Yultide Incident.

It was a cold night in December. The snow was falling thick and fast while the wind, although not blowing very hard, pierced every pore of Helen's scantily clothed body. As she looked at the homes of the rich and at the merry throngs passing by her little heart sank within her breast.

Only a few more days until Christmas and the bright sled was still in the window of the hardware store at the corner. For many days now she had watched to see if it would be sold. She gazed once more before going home, but the sled was gone. See there goes a young man now with it under his arm: probably he bought it for his little sister. The shock was too great for her. She had hoped that no one would buy it so that she could get it after the holidays with her savings. She did not have enough now, but after the reductions were made probably her small hoard would suffice.

Unconsciously she had been speaking these thoughts aloud. Ralph who had just bought the beautiful sled for his little brother George heard all of the pitiful tale. Being naturally eleemosynary, Ralph was touched by the sorrowful narrative and decided to give her the sled and buy his brother another one. Little Helen was very grateful indeed and ran home to tell her sister Ethel about the kind young gentleman who had given her the beautiful sled.

In after years Ralph met Ethel at a party. In exchanging confidences, Ethel told Ralph of the incident in her little sister's life. She was very much surprised when on one of Ralph's visits her little sister recognized in him the kind man who had given her the sled.

Ethel is now a stenographer in an office in Chicago, while Ralph is studying at St. Joseph's College, Collegeville. These two always delight in talking over that Christmas of long ago.

Ock

Snookums — Where are they going to put the new C. L. S. bookshelf so that it doesn't take up any room?

Pohlmann — Paint it on the wall.

Snookums — OH!

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STOP! It is true Thanksgiving is past and it is but a few days till Christmas. How are we going to spend those days? Are we going to be moping around figuring out how long it is till we go home? Or are we going to get down to work and in the exhilarating search for knowledge lose sight of the time? If we are always thinking of the time it will go very slow. Try and be real busy and the day is done before we realize it. But there is another object in studying hard between now and Christmas; remember that three weeks after Christmas come the semi-annual examinations. For the benefit of the newcomers we will add that these are the hardest examinations of the year. Time is indeed precious. We can easily see that because God, the Father of time, always takes back the last second before giving us another. So let us use the short time between now and the holidays so that we will not have to worry about the coming examinations during vacation.

Athletics.

Through the efforts of Fr. Albin the A. A. has been very fortunate in procuring the armory in town for basket ball practice until the new hall will be in condition for use. Tryout and practice games will be played there on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Despite adverse circumstances, St. Joe looks forward to having a fast varsity this year.

Viewing the present condition of the gymnasium, it looks as though the basket ball hall and apparatus room will be ready for use after the holidays. The A. A. board has appropriated money for the purchase of horizontal and parallel bars, which when installed will afford gymnasts opportunity for winter practice. Our present financial condition prevents that we furnish the gym completely at the beginning, but prosperity with the good days coming for St. Joe will complete the work which we are humbly beginning.

W. A. R. G. R. A. M.

Latest News from the Front.

The Germans have taken Pilsener and are now surrounding Delicatessen where the Wurst is expected. The Belgian Hares have a falling out in the Welsh Rarebits and the Swiss Cheese is shot full of holes. This will make the Irish Stew and the English Mustard hot, and if the Russian Caviars the French Pastry, it may start a Swiss Movement — Watch! Spanish Onions are strong for a mixup, and if the Home Preserves are called out and spread over the German Noodles they may Ketchup with the Navy Beans, thereby causing an uprising of Brussels Sprouts.

The war correspondent of the Cheer, Mr. Martin M. Bustetter, who is now at the front sent us the above dispatch early this morning by our special 30 calibre double reversible grapevine wire. Mr. B. also thinks that before long, possibly about breakfast time tomorrow morning. Coffee will give Bun a complete soaking if they come in contact.

Joe Gordon, Com. -12, was one of the many alumni Thanksgiving visitors at the college.

LOCALS.

Who says "Red" Collins is not humorous? Just read this: "Nobody home but the fence and it's running around the garden."

O'Meara—I understand they are going to put a fence around the grove next spring.

Maher—Well what in the world do they want to do that for?

O'Meara—To keep the trees from leaving.

Goeckler — Don't go through that field! Don't you see that bull?

Cecil — Ha! ha! A big fellow like you ought to know that that is not a bull. It's a sheep

Goeckler — (becoming confused) — Well its got horns.

"Snookums" — If you boys don't quit pulling my bed-clothes off, I will throw my socks at you.

(Note — He has never been bothered since.)

Keller (at breakfast) — I wonder why we don't get so much milk any more.

DeJaco—Why some of the cows don't give milk now.

Keller — How is that?

DeJaco — It has to be taken from them.

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